

## Humor's a Solemn Thing

By Bill Hill

(In the temporary absence of Jay Corman.)

Tomorrow night "The Doughgirls" comes back to the National for at least its fourth engagement. The news release before me bandies about such tempting phrases as "hilarious comedy... gay satire... gentle lampoon." The point is, it's about wartime conditions in crowded Washington, and it's funny. If it weren't, it wouldn't have lasted so long in New York and it wouldn't be arriving here again. All of which brings to mind the whole subject of humor.

It's a serious subject or we wouldn't all know that one of the three ways to insult a person is to tell him humor is something he is without a sense of. We like to laugh, we envy a gay fellow, and on the way home from a party we're downcast because the nifty that has occurred to us is too late to do any good. A few seasons ago there was a book on the stands called "I Wish I'd Said That." It purported to tell you how to be funny, and if that doesn't make humor a serious subject, I don't know what would.

Necessity to Be Funny Freezes You Up Inside.

I can recall, as a reporter, having a firmly sadistic city editor throw me something with a snarl. "Here, this is good. Give me about 200 words and be funny." Needless to say, I wasn't. I froze inside and felt about as playful as a man with a third-degree stomach ache. As I remember, I consoled myself glaring at the city editor and thinking about something I had half learned in college about why people like things that are funny. The idea was that when people grow up they begin having a lot of what the professor called "psychic activity." This was very serious, because it kept you from being happy, and the professor explained that people liked things which made them laugh because it gave them the same pleasure from "psychic activity" they had gotten as children from just being alive. Remembering this didn't enable me to write a funny story, but I did enjoy thinking of the city editor as some one longing for his childhood.

Meeting the people who write funny things or even the ones who stand on the stage and make you howl by doing nothing but talk is a grim business. I talked to Red Skelton once but I don't think he heard anything I said. His mind was on something and he had a worried frown. Nevertheless, during Mr. Skelton's pantomime of a glamour-girl-getting-up-in-the-morning, in "Bathing Beauty," I saw people who claimed Mr. Skelton is not at all funny double up with laughter. And you should listen some time to James Thurber or George S. Kaufman. There are a pair of solemn fellows.

How to Have the Feeling That Nothing Is Funny.

The funny writers are the worst, I think. They're the ones who'll go into the theory of the thing. They'll talk for hours on the difference between wit and humor or what it takes to make something comic. It seems that a line's witty if the writer's easing up on one of his inhibitions, it's comic if he's short-cutting thought, and it's humorous if he's saving himself an expenditure of feeling. Get in a conversation along those lines and I'll promise you'll have the feeling nothing in the world will be funny again.

Appropos of all this, Funnymen Taylor Holmes, who will be starring in "The Doughgirls" this week, has something to say.

"I doubt," says Mr. Holmes, "if the average theater-goer, who sits before you with an expression of 'now make me laugh' realizes what a difficult task the actor has when he attempts to break this barrier of ice. (That's the 'psychic activity.' Mr. Holmes.) Funny is the hardest work of all. In fact the comedians are geared to a high rate of speed and the whole psychology of such plays rests in getting ahead of the audience. The moment they catch up with you, they clutch the plot about the throat and bang goes all chance of surprise. It is a mighty necessary thing to work with your mind, for I firmly believe that the mood of the listeners is controlled by the sincerity of thought in the actors. That sounds like Christian Science, doesn't it? In any case, I have practiced it when I played in companies and when I have appeared in vaudeville, and I wouldn't be without this faith.

Denver Surgeon Says Mind Can Control Blood Pressure.

Do you know that the same theory is held by an eminent surgeon of Denver, who went so far as to claim that one could control blood pressure by the mind? He contends that he can hold up his hands and by mental force cause the blood to recede both of them. This isn't theatrical psychology, perhaps, but it is human science and the application doesn't need to be discarded outside the laboratory. The main trouble with getting the public to accept these theories is the abridgment of the chasm between the old tricks of supernatural metaphysics and the real discoveries of scientific men. Up to date I've been fairly successful in my work and I've followed along this line. I may be wrongly attributing the success I've had as a comedian to this sort of mental telepathy, but I firmly believe the audience and the cast must co-ordinate mentally.

"When playing in vaudeville, I have stepped out and faced large audiences. If the actor is not equipped with that ever-present ego, he might think: 'Well, I am a headliner, and it's up to me to go after that silent mass before me.' I have stood sometimes actually bewildered, and as I would fire off my first gun without getting the right response, the most inviting thing to me was always the exit. At such moments, however, I have mentally combated the audience and nine times out of ten have won."

So says Funnymen Holmes. I submit again, the way of the humorist is a solemn way. At any rate, "The Doughgirls" is funny.

## Lauritz Melchior Receives Reporter at Home

By Rosalind Shaffer.

HOLLYWOOD. Lauritz Melchior hung up some sort of a record when he got down off his pedestal as an opera star and tried comedy on Fred Allen's radio show. The Danes had him straight into motion pictures after a quarter of a century Wagnerian roles.

You'd think such an experience would demolish any original sense of humor, but Melchior has survived it nicely. Everything about Melchior has survived nicely. His physique—he's 6 feet 4 inches, tremendous, yet he has the muscles of a youngish man when he swims or gardens. He eats well, but with restraint; he likes a drink, but limits himself. His life represents a nice balance between the best without overdoing things.

Looks Like Danish Buddha.

He's jovial, this Melchior; when I arrived, after a fabulous adventure of mountain roads over steep grades and breath-taking vistas. I was greeted by Melchior from his front steps like a Danish Buddha. He wore short khaki trousers and a gorgeous Chinese broadcloth short kimono, open to the waist, exposing the expansive bosom familiar to opera audiences.

Melchior has a European formality in first encounter, but warms up as conversation and luncheon progresses. This huge Dane has the quick, sharp wit of a man who has much and understands life in many countries, who can laugh at himself as quickly as at others. We talked about his film role. "Of course there's no room for me to play any role but what I am," he says. "In the film, I am a middle-aged opera singer who goes to a resort place to lose weight, and I become a middle-aged cupid who brings the young couple together. Naturally, I sing; operatic, popular, military, folk music. I am a comedy character, of course." That "of course" suggests that he thinks of himself as a funny fellow, which he is, when it pleases him to be funny.

Trophies in Trophy Room.

In the trophy room which he built, partly as a bomb shelter a couple of years ago, there are long benches along the wall which is dug out of the mountainside. With school-boy glee, he showed me how

they contained cases and cases of beer!

In a sentimental mood he designed the canopy for the bar, decorated it with figures of soldiers in the uniform of the Royal Danish Light Footguards, done in silk applique. As a youth Melchior belonged to this regiment in his native Copenhagen, and on the face of each soldier is pasted that man's likeness, cut from a group photo made at that time.

Other souvenirs include magnificent specimens of big game killed all over the world. One huge rug is a Kodiak bear he shot; it recalls the funny story about the time he brought a bear's carcass from New Brunswick to his New York apartment and had pieces of the smoked meat hanging from his balcony overlooking Broadway while he was attempting to eat and give away to staff, which seemed an endless job.

Enthusiastic Over Home.

Melchior's home is a great enthusiasm of his and his wife's as they love to show it. Mrs. Melchior is Maria Hacker, former UFA star, and it is obvious that much of the charm of their unusual home is the result of her taste. The house itself



CONFUSED—but not for long. Peggy French has little trouble handling the gold braid that comes her way in "Doughgirls" opening tomorrow night at the National.

## Hollywood—What's It Like?

By Inga Arvad.

HOLLYWOOD. Hollywood is called a wild wonderland, inhabited by crazy, power-grasping people, inflated with their own egos and importance. It is called a place where debauchery is prevalent and the only way they know about is from their own pictures where actor-soldiers die in artificial mud. It is referred to as a small community on the West Coast, where movies are made to impress 12-year-old morons.

It's Hollywood really like that? The answer is no. And don't take it from me, I am prepared to show you a few facts and figures, which if read without prejudices, may even make you want to come out and see us.

It's a Kind of Klondike.

Hollywood is the last Klondike in America, and therefore it attracts all kinds of people. This is the place where race, color and creed is of absolutely no importance. You may be white as alabaster or black as a baloney in full view of half the tent of the motion picture industry covers more professions than any other industry.

Debauchery and wild parties—even before the war people had little parties. In fact, the life of a girl may throw an egg at another female and incidentally it may land on the famous nose of Errol Flynn; or a couple of actors will fight on a balcony in full view of half the town and the local front pages will glow with headlines about the sordid details for the next week.

Girls will arrive from their small home towns and believe that the famous producer who has passed the bloom of youth and sometimes is called the Viking, for Melchior says it seems to float on a sea of clouds like a Viking ship.

Melchior works on the extensive garden terrace which slopes down from the house on all sides. He has a model pool in the lawn between the wings of the house and swims daily. The Melchiors seem to enjoy keenly the privacy of their home, although many luxurious appointments suggest that they enjoy entertaining friends, too.

Melchior is one of the few men who has earned a great reputation who finds enjoyment in the basic simplicities of home, family, friends, gardens and work. He exudes a great contentment, a peaceful enjoyment of all good things that denies those oft-repeated broomsticks that money and success are empty shells once you have them. Not at Lauritz Melchior's address, they aren't!

## Corset Is Too Much For Film's Tough Guy

By the Associated Press.

NEW YORK. William Bendix is an embarrassed citizen.

The film tough guy, whose bulging biceps and pugnacious paws made him logical choice for all sorts of screen tough stuff, has discovered that a mysterious stomach ailment was caused by a corset.

Bendix wore the tightly laced unmentionable for a comedy scene in a new film, "Broadway with Two Yanks," in which he played a marine made up for a servicemen's show. It took eight days to film the scene.

The wasp-waist effect put him first in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital and then in the Medical Center in New York. Now he is on a diet, can't drink anything alcoholic and must live a carefully conducted existence.

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## What a Woman Needs

By Harold Heffernan.

King. Deanna Durbin, of necessity, a white heroine in her earlier teen age pictures, is now being introduced through "Christmas Holiday" as a real grownup. She plays a woman of considerable interest if not of considerable moral soundness and social standing. And box office reports indicate it will be the most successful Durbin picture to date.

The simple fact is, according to the producers and their cash returns, that there is no drama, often little romance, in a 100 per cent noble existence. Mary Pickford reigned as the spiritual, spotless, golden-haired Biograph girl in those toddling early days of films because motion pictures themselves were then the novelty, and their subject matter was of mild concern. But soon the excitement of just seeing flickers on a screen wore off and competition made the story itself first importance. Early screen stars soon found out that it paid off to get a meaty role, and such sirens as Theda Bara came suddenly to the fore.

Hayward the Flery Type.

Susan Hayward, one of the most fiery actresses in Hollywood, fought bitterly with Paramount for several years and was often under suspension because she refused to play spoolish characters. She wanted to be mean, all the way, and finally got her chance when Columbia borrowed her for "The Song of Bernadette." Herein she actually stole the show from Ingrid Bergman—and came into her own as a sinister heroine.

Of course, the mere mention of Vivien Leigh's Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind" should be proof enough of the superiority of girl stars over good ones in stacking up on the road to stardom with "Let's perdy," this film has rolled up a 30-million-dollar gross.

There are exceptions to prove the general rule, of course, the most recent being "The Song of Bernadette," which brought an Academy Award to the then unknown Jennifer Jones. But even Jennifer is now trying to persuade David Selznick to give her a siren part.

Miss Goddard's current picture at Paramount is "Kitty," from Rosamond Marshall's eyebrow lifting novel of 1943. Kitty starts life as a Cockney girl, a Londoner, and climbs a ladder of men to dual estate and a fortune that today would pay for a minute and a half of her. Except for a couple of mystery-comedy roles with Bob Hope, Paulette has confined her career almost exclusively to the rough-and-tumble type of heroine.

## Tallulah Bankhead Puts Her Backs Away

By the Associated Press.

HOLLYWOOD. Tallulah Bankhead, who has more skulls than there are gags about Goldwyn, has put them all away for the duration—the duration of her "Casanova Brown," in which she plays Catherine the Great.

When she wears pants off the set, she explained, she can't readily get into character for Catherine's costumes with their voluminous folds and floor-touching length.

## Coming Attractions

NATIONAL—"Wallflower" with Betty Blythe, Sonya Stokowski and Kay Buckley, starting Tuesday.

CAPITOL—"Sweet and Lowdown," with Benny Goodman, Lindy, Darnell and Jack Oakie, starting Thursday.

COLUMBIA—"The Cantorville Ghost," with Charles Laughton and Margaret O'Brien, starting Friday.

EARLE—"Bride by Mistake," with Laraine Day and Alan Marshall, starting Friday.

KEITH'S—"Casanova Brown," with Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright, starting Thursday.

LITTLE—"The Man From Down Under," with Charles Laughton, starting Wednesday.

METROPOLITAN—"Mr. Skeffington," with Betty Davis and Claude Rains, starting Thursday.

PALACE—"Dragon Seed," with Katherine Hepburn and Walter Houston, starting Thursday.

PIX—"The Man Who Seeks the Truth," with Raimu, starting Tuesday.

## 17 Films for Robert Taylor

By Lynn Gray.

NEW ORLEANS. When Commander Hugh B. Jenkins, executive officer at the New Orleans Naval Air Base, decided that 20 minutes of moving pictures would do as much for embryo flight instructors as 100 hours of study, he sent for Lt. (j. g.) Robert Taylor, one of his flying school's old graduates.

From Livermore, Calif., where he had been studying student pilots, Lt. Taylor—the prewar movie star and husband of film actress Barbara Stanwyck—came to appear as himself in 17 short moving pictures. Each will run 20 to 35 minutes.

Not for public release, these pictures will be shown to young flyers who are learning to be instructors. Taylor's technique as a naval lieutenant and flying instructor, rather than his screen charm, will be the attraction.

These 17 films, says Comdr. Jenkins, constitute a "new approach to flight training," a "method which," in the opinion of experienced pilots, will improve the cadets' performance 25 per cent.

Jenkins, a technical adviser for the Bureau of Aeronautics and the author of many flight instruction manuals, organized the Navy's first Navy Flight Instructor's School here. And every since its inauguration, he has been seeking improvements. He couldn't get across everything a student instructor should learn with books, he said.

With approval of the Navy Department, the production of the motion picture series was started several weeks ago. The films, covering every phase of primary training, are plotted around two Navy cadets and a typical flight instructor. Lt. Taylor, starring as the instructor, also serves as narrator. Two Navy flyers, also with movie experience, will appear as cadets.

## Admiral to Appear.

Rear Admiral O. B. Hardeson, ex-commander of the Pacific Fleet and now chief of the Naval Air primary training, also will take part, the only person who plays himself by name.

Aerial scenes are being filmed over the air base with a blimp and two airplanes serving as camera platforms. Narration, sound effects and some scenes, however, are being completed in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Hollywood.

Commander Jenkins says this method of teaching will produce films which will be adaptable to training for five to ten years since they cover the basic flying instructions.

"Thus the cadet's new approach to flight instruction will get away from the traditional teaching, said Comdr. Frederick Reeder, commanding officer of the air base.

In 20 minutes we will be able to give cadets the benefit of hundreds of thousands of hours of work done before them in a particular phase of training by the best men the Navy has."



A STRUGGLE—to keep her mind on anything but Laraine Day. When "Mr. Skeffington" departs from the Earle Miss Day turns up as "Bride by Mistake" which seems all right with Alan Marshall.

## La Swanson Likes the Stage

By Charlotte Fitz Henry.

CHICAGO. Gloria Swanson has traded klieg lights for footlights. Appearing here in the play, "A Goose for the Gander," the star of many De Mille dramas and Hollywood farces in the silent film days, she said she didn't feel scared, didn't "remember having any emotions at all. But when the curtain went up and I heard my own voice, I was all right."

But, she adds, "the movie has had its cycle in my life. I could never again have the same acclaim."

Miss Swanson, who made 56 pictures, says she "never made a great movie. They were good program films but not really great. I'd like to have finished off my movie career in a nice way—with an exclamation point instead of just a dreary period."

## Heart's in the Theater.

Now, she says, her heart is in the theater. "You get the reactions immediately—no waiting. You can read a line one way, then change it if you want to."

But once a film's in that little tin can, there's no way you can do anything about it.

Besides the theater, she likes to talk about metaphysics, politics, her dime store hair curlers, her son in the Army and her black pug dog, Miranda.

Three years ago Harold Knicker, author of "A Goose for the Gander," persuaded Miss Swanson to go into summer stock.

She said she had long trembled at the threshold of legitimate acting, but was afraid—afraid of stage fright, afraid she couldn't remember.

## Broken Leg Unveiling Held for June Havoc

By the Associated Press.

NEW YORK. When June Havoc's broken leg went into a plaster cast there was general mourning among the clinical admirers of such feminine attractions.

Therefore, when the cast was removed last Monday, fitting ceremonies seemed in order. Dr. H. A. Covelier, physician to the famous Broadway, cut away the physically protective, but visually offending covering before a gathering of just a few of June's most intimate friends.

The doings took place in the lavish 26-room mansion of June's sister, Gypsy Rose Lee. June sat down next to a pool into which fountain gushed, looked across the patio to where the few friends were crowded four deep around a bar and table of hors d'oeuvres and bore up bravely.

The occasion also marked June's start for Hollywood, where she will star in the new film, "Brewster's Millions." Before the broken leg immobilized her she was a bright spot in "Mexican Hayride."

## Irene Dunne Hails A New Composer

By the Associated Press.

HOLLYWOOD. Irene Dunne may introduce a song by a new composer in her next film with Charles Boyer.

During a lull on the set she played and sang the number, and Director Charles Vidor applauded, said he'd like to find a spot for "Yesterday's Over Now" in the film. Miss Dunne said the composer would be delighted.

The composer? Irene Dunne. She writes songs as a hobby.

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